

SPORTING.

The Ring.

AT HARRY CORBETT'S

AFTER A "FRISCO FIGHT"

If there is anything more interesting than the attitude of the wise ones of the day before a fight, it is the attitude of the same men the day after. Championship fight afterwards is a word of long journey to experience, and the one just now entertaining San Francisco is no exception to the rule.

The storm centre of all sporting San Francisco is Harry Corbett's place on Ellis street. There are a few sporting resorts known around the world—Harry Corbett's is one of them. Every sporting man of note has been in the house once at least, and the walls are covered with original pen drawings by famous sporting cartoonists. It is the "place" of the wise brigade, and is the place where these same wise ones rally the day after.

It is the day after that all sorts of underground information comes to light. The "I had to boost myself, but didn't tell you" man is there adorned with belts and verbiage. And when the winner drops in and calls for wine the climax of the aftermath bubbles over.

AFTER BRITT-NELSON FIGHT.

After the Britt-Nelson fight, a notable gathering convened in Harry Corbett's back room—the little room where so many great fights have been arranged and so many victors congratulated.

In one corner was Papa Britt, button-holing the great and only Gum Boot Martin Brady. Colonel Martin is perhaps the best fellow in the west—he says so himself. Father Britt is also a bon vivant and a good sport. He does not meddle in his son's plans or pugilistic ambitions, but every time Jimmy starts the dad is near at hand.

They tell a good story on Jimmy in connection with this first professional fight. For years the name of Britt had been associated with various thumpings handed out to the amateur boxers in the light division around San Francisco, and when at last he entered on a professional career all the town was with him.

Jimmy won a hollow victory over his first opponent, and Father Britt, in his own little chair at the ringside, was carried away with delight. Jimmy was no less excited. Poking his head between the ropes he yelled to his father and brother Willie:

"Hey, telephone ma I win! Telephone ma I win!"

CORBETT PRAISES BRITT.

At that last Wednesday's gathering Father Britt varied the monotony by singing Irish songs and in the other corner Young Corbett and Harry Corbett were tied in a struggle hold.

Then came the little James Edward, fresh as a daisy and clad in a long shaggy overcoat that flapped about his heels. With the exception of a cut between his eyes and a little redness on his hands were not the worse for the fearful strain he put them to.

When Young Corbett and Jimmy came together the hot air began to be earnest. Young Corbett is nothing in the world, if not, in sporting parlance, a "wise guy." So both these great little men stood away and in turn told some good stories some on himself and at times at the expense of his friends.

Since he has been on the road with his company, A Fight for Love, several friends visited him one evening in his dressing room. It was then he told how he first entered the prize ring.

"My first start as a fighter," he said recently, "was in my school days in Cornwall, England. Well, it was not long before I had won my first championship," he went on.

"I was whittled for further honors when Jim Mace, the old champion, came along with a circus and helped to gratify my ambition for a gold watch which was offered to the best amateur in a tournament, and I was the first to enter."

"Mace, however, was a good fellow, and when he gave another tournament soon after, a better watch was put up for the prize, and I was invited to enter. There were 11 competitors, and I weighed then about 125 pounds and there were a lusty lot of scrappers among the other ten."

"The first night I finished four in from one to three rounds, and the second night put away four more. I thought they should have given me the watch then. On the third night I fought against a stocky, red-headed fighter like myself, who was much larger in size than I was."

"I had the advantage in reach. We fought eight rounds, and the house went wild with excitement, for it was certainly a grand try-out for both of us. The finishing blow was a solar plexus, like that which gave me the championship at Carson."

"I have often been asked how I obtained my strength of arm and shoulder and I don't mind telling you that it came from fighting and subduing crazy horses brought into the New Zealand blacksmith shop where I was employed."

"Well," persisted the human goat, taking a fresh tack, "look how you kept after Britt all the time. You was

after him like a bulldog every minute."

"Well," said the champion of Hedgeswick, "you didn't see it get me anything, did you? The coin is what I'm after."

And so, surrounded by a few of the rank outsiders, the Danish champion told his own simple little story, and ever and anon there floated over the low partition the pop of the champagne and the tones of Britt, Senior, raised in that great old Irish ballad:

"When She Rides in Her Lo-o-ow Back Car."

JEFFRIES' OFFER

TO HEAVYWEIGHTS.

As the sporting public has been unable to find a suitable opponent for James J. Jeffries, the heavyweight champion now comes forward and although having met all the best middleweights and light heavyweights excepting Tommy Ryan, he has only been knocked out once in his career.

That blot was caused by Wild Bill Harahan in less than one round, who was calculated to shock any boxer out on whom it landed. Hart is a glutton for punishment, he gave to the core and should be the best of the three men suggested.

Fitzsimmons has had hands. Contrary to all press agents' assertions, he will never be right again. One good stiff punch would put him in mourning again, and a young aggressive boxer like Hart would begin to fight where the ex-champion of three classes would be forced to stop. No one should consider Goch as a serious candidate. He is a good, heavyweight wrestler, not the best in his class, either.

As a boxer he does not rate even as high as the third class. If Fitzsimmons and Goch will meet first, the Cornishman, bearing accidents, will be Hart's opponent. It would be better sport if the champion was to meet Goch, Fitzsimmons and Hart, all in the same ring, one after the other. The result would be the same.

Billy Delaney, who is the champion's chief adviser, writes that Jeffries never again fight a negro. He has decided that the three men who now demand his attention are Marvin Hart, of Louisville; Bob Fitzsimmons, the ex-champion of three classes, and a Iowa wrestler, who has announced his intention of becoming a boxer and fighting Jeffries for the championship.

Delaney demands that a gold watch settle the question of supremacy among themselves, and then Jeffries will take on the winner, which will be his last fight.

"If there was anything I used to like it was to be assigned to the matter of shoeing a brute of this kind. It not only strengthened the arm, but it developed the sand in a fellow and gratified the ambition to succeed."

"One of my first fights in Australia was with young Pat McCrae, whose father ran an opposition shop to that of Mr. Allen, where I was an apprentice. Between the two shops there was a feud which kept all Sydney in an uproar. One evening, while going to our home, our bunch of apprentices met the McCraes and young Pat said some thing that I did not like, at the same time pushing me off the sidewalk."

"That was enough, and before he could get up his guard I had him right where I wanted him. He was formed right there and young Pat and myself fought twenty-one rounds. I did not see him for a good while after that, and some friends said he was in bed."

"The pump-handle is a short, twisting blow which is delivered a moment after a feint, when a boxer is apparently off his balance so he cannot hit effectively. The opponent throws down the guard to protect other parts of his body believing the lightning cannot strike twice in the same place before the recovery."

By studying the principle of the fly back to the pump-handle the Kangaroo is on the high road to pugilistic fame. Since his lowly advent at the Cambridge club he has not been defeated. While at only one bout has he been forced to use the pump-handle to get the long end of the purse he says he will surely plant the fly back, half blow, which requires wonderful strength and alertness to land.

The Kangaroo's famous fly back, pump-handle punch may yet make him welterweight champion.

A quantity of cents can be had at the counting room of this paper.

SUGAR AND FLOUR.

Advance Made on Both

Commodities Yesterday

Complaint That Sugar Is Being Sold

For Higher Prices Than Are

Warranted by the Increases

Sugar went up again yesterday and so did flour. The price of refined sugar, jobbing, is now \$5.50, as compared with \$4.75 per hundred three months ago, and Manitoba flour is \$5.50, as compared with \$4.75 per hundred three months ago. On Thursday an advance of fifteen cents per barrel was made in all brands of Ontario flour, and this was followed yesterday by an increase of 20 cents in the California brands. This brings the price of the latter five cents higher than it has been for a long time.

It will be remembered that early in December owing to competition among western millers, the prices of Manitoba flour were reduced 15 cents, so that this recent increase is more than counteracts that cut. Recently reports have been coming in to the effect that the Argentine wheat crop is much below the average, and this has led to further speculation on the Chicago market by which the Canadian markets are controlled. There has been a steady advance in May wheat, with the result that the millers have been compelled to follow.

Following the advance reported on Thursday, the New York refiners yesterday advanced their prices on all grades of refined sugar ten cents per hundred. The Montreal refiners also advanced their prices ten cents per hundred on refined sugars and fifteen cents on the yellow grades, and the Acadia refinery made the same increases. Refined sugar is now \$1.05 per hundred higher than it was a few months ago.

There has for some time been a difference of 20 cents per 100 between the prices of refined and the light yellow sugars, and the same difference between light yellow and what is generally known as brown sugar. The difference between granulated and brown is now only fifty cents, due to the fact that the latter has been advanced more than the refined.

Three months ago when retailers paid \$4.75 for a hundred pounds of granulated sugar, they sold 30 pounds for a dollar. Now they are paying \$5.50, and many are selling only 14 pounds for a dollar. In the past they made a gross profit of 55 cents per 100 lbs., and now they are making \$1.35, while those who sell at 7 1/2 cents per pound make \$1.70. There is considerable canonry known as brown sugar. The difference between granulated and brown is now only fifty cents, due to the fact that the latter has been advanced more than the refined.

George Gunther, the dusky Australian, has perfected a brand new bluff. Unlike Kid McCoy's corkscrew or Bob Fitzsimmons' solar plexus, the point of contact of the pump-handle blow is the most vulnerable part of man's scrapping anatomy—the jaw. When the pump-handle lands, it's one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—out.

The victim of the blow immediately enters the Elysian fields, and he usually doesn't wake up until the next morning. What is the pump-handle punch like? Did you ever grab hold of the old wooden pump-handle and feel the cooling beverage from its earthen retreat? Do you remember that when you let go of the handle it flew up and very likely hit you on the jaw? That's the original pump-handle punch.

Just like Newton when he watched the apple fall and discovered the law of gravitation, the Kangaroo when he was tending his flocks in the Bush studied the principle of the fly back to the old wooden rod.

The pump-handle punch is delivered with the left hand. Only skilful, ambidextrous fighters can use it at all. The pump-handle is the fly back from a blow which purposely whizzes by the opponent's head and strikes him in the jaw. Just the instant that the opponent believes that the right is unfeared and is headed for solar plexus or jaw, the pump-handle reaches the spot. The pump-handle is a short, twisting blow which is delivered a moment after a feint, when a boxer is apparently off his balance so he cannot hit effectively. The opponent throws down the guard to protect other parts of his body believing the lightning cannot strike twice in the same place before the recovery.

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AT THE LONDON HOUSE,

Saturday, Jan. 14.



Such Dainty
Whitewear
We are
Showing
This Season

Most attractive collection we
have ever yet had in stock.

Prices and garments that
speak for themselves.

GOWNS from 50c. to \$3.25 Dainty Skirts, 90c. to \$4.25
Corset Covers, 12c. to 1.25 Drawers, 20c. to 1.40

Final Clearance Ladies' Coats
At Almost Your Own Prices,

Goods must be closed out for the season.

\$17.50 Fawn beaver coat, size 34, for	\$6.98
15.00 Fawn beaver coat, size 34, for	5.98
14.50 Fawn beaver coat, size 32, for	5.98
11.75 Grey frieze coat, size 32, for	3.98
10.25 Grey frieze coat, size 32, for	3.98
8.75 Navy Military coat, size 36, for	3.98
6.75 Grey Military coats, sizes 32, 34, 36,	2.98
8.50 Black freize coats, sizes 32, 34, for	3.98
8.50 Fine zibeline coats, sizes 32, 34, 38, for	3.98
6.75 Grey zibeline coats, 34, for	2.98
14.50 Black beaver coats, sizes 32, 34, for	4.98
14.50 Black beaver coats, sizes 36, 38, for	4.98
13.90 Bl.ck beaver coats, sizes 34, 36, for	4.98

Great Bargains Ladies' Suits

\$13.50 Black cheviot suits, sizes 34, 36, for	\$7.50
12.50 Black cheviot suits, sizes 34, 36, 38, for	6.98
11.50 Black cheviot suits, sizes 34, 36, 38, for	5.98
14.90 Navy cheviot suits, sizes 34, 38, for	5.00

Bargains in Handkerchiefs,
29c. a Dozen.

Handkerchiefs that were used in the decorations at Christmas, somewhat mussed and soiled, otherwise all right for children, etc.

Monday sale price, 29c. a dozen.

Bargain Sale Fancy Linens
That Have Become Mussed.

Sideboard cloths reduced to	29c
Sideboard cloths reduced to	40c
Lunch cloths reduced to	25c
Lunch cloths reduced to	49c
Tray cloths reduced to	50c
Tray cloths reduced to	39c
D'Oylies reduced	2c to 18c
Pillow shams, per pair,	79c, 89c, \$1.39
Brush and comb bags reduced to	29c
Handkerchief bags reduced to	20c
Stamped Linens, all kinds reduced.	

F. W. DANIEL & Co
London House, Charlotte St.

WOMAN'S REALM.

SOUTHERN HOUSEKEEPING

ECHOES.

Lessons Learned from a Southern Cook.

It was just a dear old-fashioned Southern kitchen with its fireplace reaching across one end, its splint-bottom chairs made in the days of slavery, with the cook stove in the centre of the room, planned and built with no more thought for saving steps than is customary in Southern homes where a retinue of servants is needed, but where, too often, alas, the fortunes of war have made the labors of the household devolve upon the mistress and her daughters.

Yet the cook in this kitchen had such a happy way of managing work and play, singing bits of plantation melodies as she shelled the peas or indulging in a flood of before the war reminiscences as she mixed the biscuit, that it was a delight to watch her at work and a privilege to be allowed to help.

Indeed, it was almost like going to some far-away country and learning to cook all over again, for there are so many dishes peculiar to the South and such varied ways of cooking vegetables, the wheat bread, so universally used in the North, is called light bread, and is made only on special occasions. Indeed, there are households where it is never made. Bread, in the Southern significance of the word, is corn bread, and is made fresh for each meal. As it is made of white corn meal and baked in thin cakes, it is quite unlike our Northern Johnny-cake and much more palatable; so much so that people who rarely eat it at home soon become very fond of it.

One of the hard things to become accustomed to in a country where fruit is so abundant, is that it is rarely served at meals in its natural state. Preserves and jellies, no matter what the season, are always on the table, and in the summer the Southern cook will make the most delicious peach cobbler and rolls for dessert, but fruit fresh from the trees is considered unhealthy and is eaten only between meals.

The variety of vegetables which are prepared for dinner, the bread and biscuit which must be freshly baked each time, make dinner-getting a lengthy affair, and usually as soon as the breakfast is out of the way, the cook has been making her preparations for the next meal, and if chickens have come in, has selected and dressed the chickens that are to be fried for dinner.

All vegetables, even to the Irish potato, according to Southern ideas, must be "seasoned" in order to make them palatable—that is, they are boiled with a piece of pork and usually with some of the small red peppers, which seem to be the favorite condiment.

Yet however unskilled she may be in scientific cookery, the Southern cook has a faculty for making some very delicious vegetable soups from things that the Northern housekeeper would throw away. For an example of this economy, there is the appetizing pea-soup that is made whenever peas are boiled for dinner.

When the peas are shelled, the cook carefully looks over the pods, picks out all the imperfect ones and the tiny leaves that cling to the stem end, and washes them and puts them on to boil with a piece of meat and a pepper or two for seasoning. The peas are cooked in a separate kettle, and when done are carefully drained from the water and placed on a platter with the meat which was cooked with them. Next the pods, of which nothing remains except a thin shell-like husk, are skinned out and the liquor added to that from the peas. Then salt, a bit of butter and a very little thickening are added, and allowed to come to a boil; the result is a really delicious pea soup.

When chicken and asparagus are cooked together, as they so often are in a Southern household, an appetizing soup is made by adding the chicken broth to the water in which the asparagus was cooked.

Still another favorite is the vegetable soup. To make it, place about half a pound of pork in a kettle with cold water. When it has boiled for a quarter of an hour add the following vegetables cut in small pieces—cabbage, carrots, tomatoes, potatoes, and half a dozen pods of okra. Season with salt and pepper, and let the vegetables be thoroughly done. Serve with crackers or corn bread.

The wild blackberry grows abundantly in the South. Along the roadsides, on waste land or wherever it can find a foothold, it lifts its clusters of white blossoms that in June are followed by the berries that are so much sweeter than the tame ones our northern markets know. So occasionally we had blackberry pie for dinner. It was always made in the following manner and was much richer than pies ordinarily are. The berries were first stewed and sweetened. Then the cook mixed a crust that was almost as rich as a biscuit dough. She rolled it out rather thick until it was large enough for both crusts. Then she lined a shallow basin with it, filled it with the stewed berries, added a bit of butter and folded the crust lightly together over the top.

The pie is more like a pudding floating in its own sauce, but it is very good and is a decided improvement over the usual way of making blackberry pies.

Apple dumplings were a favorite dessert in this household, and when they came to the table, brown and spicy with plenty of sauce, they were the most tempting morsels that could be imagined. The apples used were an early variety, although any apple that will cook quickly can be used. They were pared, cut in halves and cored. While this was being done, the cook mixed a flaky pie crust and rolling it rather thin cut it in pieces just large enough to wrap up each apple without entirely covering the top. The hollow made by removing the core she filled with sugar, a piece of butter and a dash of nutmeg and sweetened. Then the cook mixed a crust that was almost as rich as a biscuit dough. She rolled it out rather thick until it was large enough for both crusts. Then she lined a shallow basin with it, filled it with the stewed berries, added a bit of butter and folded the crust lightly together over the top.

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ROUGHLY TOGETHER AND FLAVOR WITH VANILLA.

Line small patty-pans with this rich

pie crust and add the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven until brown. When it is done frost with a frosting made of the white of an egg and sugar. As the cake is very rich it will go a long way.

It is a peculiar thing about pines in the South, that although the tabacco and catfishes are spread out on the ground, nobody ever thinks of sitting down to eat.

VALLEY LILIES WITHIN DOORS.

People who love valley lilies—who does not?—may have them without waiting for the time of the singing of birds to come or paying the florist's prices, for they may be readily raised and bloomed in the window, and one can enjoy their delicate perfume through various periods of the winter or early spring.

If you have a patch of the tiny lilies in the yard, fill some tin cans with rich earth, well pulverized and free from stones or insects, and place five, seven, or more, roots in each can, taking care not to break the tiny fibres in digging and resetting them. Press the earth carefully down on the top, water and set in an attic or closet where it is rather too dry nor too cold, watering a little occasionally. After a week or more bring as many of the cans as you wish to have bloomed at one time and place in a window in a room which is not overheated, and water frequently. Soon there will appear little cone-shaped sprouts nearly as large as the buds of one's little finger. If the conditions are favorable these will push rapidly forward until the two long, oval, striated leaves of palest green uniformity, and then look about them as if thinking that winter had been much shorter than usual.

Finding everything favorable, they signal the buds to come forward, and these shortly appear from a little pocket at one side and one can almost see them grow, until the long spray of tiny water cups is complete in snowy whiteness and delicate odor.

My first experiment in growing valley lilies in the house was made several years ago.

The roots were dug out of the patch during a mild spell in the winter, as I had not thought of it earlier. There were seven roots in a can, and these had two bloomed, but they were so large and perfect so purely white and delicately fragrant, that they well repaid the care I had given them. I took the fact that they flowered just in time for Easter made them doubly welcome.

In selecting plants in the fall, before the leaves are killed, it would be well to choose those roots having the largest leaves, as these have probably the most vigor and will be able to spring there are younger plants with much smaller leaves that bear no flowers, and I think that the five which I had chosen were the best.

In caring for the lilies I took nature for my teacher. I planted them in a tin can, not because I admire tin cans, but because they retain moisture and do not dry out as clay pots; care must, however, be taken to insure drainage or the roots may rot. Either punch a hole through the bottom of the tin can, or use a layer of pebbles, cinders or broken china in the bottom. When they bloom out of doors the soil is usually soaked from melting snow and rain, and in the valley lilies always bloom more freely, last much longer and are far more fragrant out of doors if growing in a shady place, so the garden is a better place for them than the window.

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